

7
RURAL LOVE,

A

T A L E.

In the SCOTISH DIALECT.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A GLOSSARY,

Or Alphabetical Explanation of the Scottish
Words and Phrases.

Oh happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
No craving void left aking in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss, if bliss on earth there be——

POPE.

ABERDEEN:

Printed by FRANCIS DOUGLAS, and sold by J. COOT
in *Pater-noster Row London.*

MDCCLIX,

[Price SIX-PENCE.]

RURAL LOVE

A

TALE

IN THE SCOTISH DIALECT

TO WHICH IS ADDED

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the following TALE was written eighteen years ago, it has not been hastily obtruded upon the public; whether it at all deserved to see the light, is a point which the author's suffrage would not determine. He thinks it contains nothing indecent or immoral; and, if in common with many others, it be found dull, let it also be considered that it is short.



Printed by J. Galt, Edinburgh.
[Faint mirrored text from the reverse side of the page, including 'Printed by J. Galt' and 'Edinburgh']

RURAL LOVE

A

T A L E.

WHEN merry Charles the sceptre sway'd,
And none through force or fear obey'd;
There liv'd a man in Waterairn*,
A widower, with ae lafs bairn.
Twa hunder marks he had to gie'er,
Brought men and lads afouth to see'er.

THE first we mention was a schollar,
Who ne'er had grace to save a dollar;
Tho' deemt a wonder for his wit,
And for the mony sangs he writ.

* A village in Cromar, in the shire of Aberdeen.

Deep learn'd in Greek and Latin reading
 And famous for his skill in bleeding.
 Ten years he taught the parish-school,
 And all he did was done by rule.

WITH ev'ry classick name acquainted, 15
 No art or science e'er invented,
 But he cou'd trace it to the source,
 And talk distinctly of its course.
 Sometimes when o'er a pot of ale,
 What wondrous wonders wou'd he tell! 20
 Of Hector and the walls of Troy;
 Of Venus and her fav'rite boy;
 Of Priam, Paris, and Leander;
 Of Nile, Ilissus, and Scamander;
 Of Jason and the golden fleece; 25
 And all the states of antient Greece;

With joy and admiration heard,
 And as an oracle rever'd,
 If what he said was e'er disputed,
 The brutes, in Latin were confuted; 30
 While by his parts and learning fir'd,
 Each farmer's son at fame aspir'd;
 For Dispauter * forsook the trade,
 For which by Nature he was made.

His only fault was *amat potum*, 35
 To ev'ry other vice *ignotum*.
 Solemn, as it became his place,
 And just a model in his dress;
 Still clad in rev'rend black or blue,
 The eyes of half the kirk he drew. 40

* The Author of a Lat'n Grammar taught in those days.

How gracefully he read the line,
 And how he rais'd the air divine,
 Is not in language to express,
 So those who do not know, must guess.

IN person he had often tried 45
 To gain the father to his side,
 At last resolv'd to write a letter,
 Tho' well he spake, he wrote still better.
 The kind epistle thus begun——
 " There is not, Sir, beneath the sun, 50
 " A man that loves your daughter more,
 " I swear by Jove whom all adore.
 " Struck by the lightning of her eyes,
 " My heart like Salamander fries;
 " My soul transfix'd by Cupid's dart, 55
 " Forever feels the keenest smart;

" Nor can I longer hope to live,

" Unless to me, ye Peggy give.

" Ignoble souls might court your pelf,

" For me, I only love herself." 60

THIS, carefully seal'd up, he sent him,
In haste, lest others should prevent him.

He knew the stile and sense were good,

And thought it cou'd not be withstood.

Ah! what avails it to be wise, 65

If paltry riches fate denies!

Reader! with indignation burn,

If thou peruse the vile return.

" Good master James, I had your letter,

" And humbly think you can't do better, 70

" Than take a pint to cool your liver;

" Take this advice, and thank the giver."

Mefs James affronted, drew his pass,
And swore the carl was an afs.

PROCEED we next to Johny Smart, 75
The fairest ben in Meggy's heart;
Since they had kept the sheep together,
They had a love for ane anither.
Then mony a blythsome hour had they,
The very langest simmer's day, } 80
Seem'd short to them wi' harmless play. }

HE aft wad say, " My dearest Megg,
" With thee, I vow I'd rather beg,
" Than wed the richest lass alive;
" As I speak true, sae may I thrive." 85
While she, wha kentna pride nor guile,
Wad gladly hear, then with a smile

Mak answer thus, " My dearest Johny,
 " I'm neither bra, nor rich, nor bony,
 " These wants repining never mends, 90
 " There's nane has mair then heav'n lends.
 " But let me boast an honest heart,
 " With it for a' I wadna part,
 " And hear me vow ye watchfu' pow'rs!
 " Who tak delight in love like ours; 95
 " That heart to Johny fall be true,
 " And never think of lover new.
 " If I be fawse, nae mair protect me,
 " Fame, health, and friends, at anes forsake me."

THEN wad he tak her in his arms, 100
 (Sic innocence has pow'rfu' charms)
 Hard press her cheek, and warmly say,
 " Ye pow'rs aboon! baith night and day

" I'll gie ye praise, for this your gift,

" The dearest lass beneath the lift. 105

" O! as she's guid from ill preserve 'er

" And mak me better to deserve 'er."

WITH sic discourse they past the time,
And aften pat their thoughts in rhyme,
The words for pleasing sounds made meet, 110
Young Peggy sang, with voice fae sweet,
That all the list'ning flocks drew nigh,
And ev'n the lavrocks left the sky.

BUT John, alas! had not the ready,
So durst not ask her of her daddy. 115
Eleven sheep, and ae beast hog,
A horse, a cow, a cat and dog,
A house and pantry thinly plenish'd,
A wob his mother left unfinish'd,

Twa site of clais, ane double blew, 120
 And ane of tartan, maist split new;
 A sword, a pistol, and a gun
 Which mony a youl the prize had won;
 A new blew bonnet and cockade,
 A shouder belt, and tartan plaid; } 125
 Was a' the gear that Johny had.

WE name nae mair, but Peter Shaw,
 Her daddy's choice aboon them a'.
 A batchellor, baith warm and wealthy,
 Tho' turn'd of fifty, stout and healthy. 130

HIS father was a zealous faint,
 Who fought for kirk and covenant*;

* The Solemn League and Covenant, the great bone of contention in the unfortunate reign of King Charles I,

Till ae day on the muir of Affort *

He got a maist uncanny sclaffort.

The antichristian † aim'd sae ficker, 135

He made his head ring like a bicker;

The haf his beard hung ovr his chin,

And wae befel the teeth within.

Backward he fell, with hideous roar,

(His bleed he never saw before;) 140

In this sad plight, in dread he lay,

Till Bailie's men had lost the day.

* Affort, properly Alford, the name of a parish about twenty miles North-West from Aberdeen. The battle of Alford was fought on the 2^d of July 1645, Montrose commanded the Royalists, and Bailie the Covenanters. The latter were entirely defeated.

† Antichristian. An epithet very liberally bestowed by the Covenanters, upon such as presumed to oppose, what they were pleased to call the cause of Christ and his kirk,

THEN thrice he tried, at last arose,
 And round the bloody field he goes,
 Not to lament the dead, or dying, 145
 For neither kirk, nor country crying;
 But sick of fighting, thus he pray'd,
 " O be my zeal at length repaid!—
 " A purse I need."—His pray'r was heard:
 He found a youth without a beard; 150
 Just in the agonies of death,
 Him, kindly he depriv'd of breath;
 Then from his fob a purse he drew,
 With fifty pounds, if fame says true.
 Slow from the field, with this he sped, 155
 And mony a waefu face he made.
 Sair bent upon his sword he lay,
 And scarce made out three miles a day.

His wife, who past the day in pain,
 And doubtless thought her dear was slain; 160
 Flew to the door in haste, to meet 'im,
 And thus, fu glad, began to greet 'im,
 " His name be prais'd ye're safe come hame!
 " Last night I had the oddest dream;
 " Methought I saw our ain mels John 165
 " The stirrup had till ye lap on,
 " But ere ye parted words arose,
 " And after words ye came to blows."
 Quo John, " Your dream was partly true,
 " He set me on the job I rue, 170
 " But frae this day, I'll fight nae mair,
 " Nor in kirk quarrels tak a share."
 The carl strictly kept his word,
 And in the hen-roost stuck his sword;

Nor cou'd mess John with a' his logicks 175

Again engage him in sic projects.

The purse, however fairly come,

In time accres'd to twice the sum;

And Peter was his only heir,

For childer he had never mair. 180

Now on a day when Pate was there,

Auld Gilbert took the gardy-chair,

Megg was cried ben, then quoth her dad,

" My chiel, ye're shortly to be wed,

" To Peter here, my honest friend; 185

" My day, God help me, 's near an end;

" And Megg, fan I'm laid i'the grafe,

" To leave you single were not safe;

" Heaven only kens fan that may be,

" Neist Reed-day I'm threescore and three; 190

" Sae what nig-naes a bride wad need

" Provide yoursel with a' your speed."

" DO E sae, quo Peter, want for naething,

" But get frae tap to tae new claithing;

" My lad's gaen in to Aberdeen, 195

" I'fe gar him buy ye heigh heel'd shoen.

" And if the bear fells well, a ring,

" A ribbon belt, and mony a thing.

" Ye's want for naething I can gie ye,

" For be my contens Megg, I loo ye; 200

" Ye's live with me as guid a life

" As ever yet liv'd marry'd wife;

" And if I happen first to die,

" There's nane fall heir me Megg, bat ye."

" GA E keep your heirships, answer'd Megg,

" When young I'll fere, when auld I'll beg, 206

" Afore I marry sic as ye,

" Ye're maist three times as auld as me.

" Quo Gilbert, if he's auld or young,

" I counsel you to had your tongue; 210

" I makna doubt the airy foel

" Who maista danc'd you dead at youl,

" Wad please ye mair, but dame, trust me,

" Him ye fall wed and nane but he.

" TROTH then quo Megg, I'll never lie, 215

" I loo a lad, and he loes me;

" And ye fall as fein tak my life,

" As mak me ony ither's wife"—

She said,—then sob'd and grat fu fair—

" O ho, quo Peter, greet nae mair! 220

" Troth las I'm nae sae daft about ye,

" But I can live fellwell without ye—

- " And dorty Megg, to tell ye mair,
 " If't hadna been for Gibbie's gear,
 " I hadna speer'd for sic as you— 225
 " Quo Gilbert, carl if that be true,
 " Out o' my house!—shame o' your greed,
 " If ye were ane that stood in need
 " Of gear, I wadna think fae muckle,
 " March aff, with her ye fanna buckle. 230
 " I thought a' cheatin twa fac'd loons,
 " Had liv'd in courts and borrowstowns,
 " But now I plainly see by ye,
 " There's nae place frae sic vermin free.
 " Quo Peter, ye may flyt your fill, 235
 " Of what I said I think nae ill;
 " I own the lassie's well enough,
 " But beauty winna mend the pleugh.

- " A pox! d'ye think a chap like me,
 " Who's fifty winters seen, and three, 240
 " Wad enter on debate and strife,
 " For sic a joke's a bony wife?
 " Tho' love on beardless boys works wonders,
 " We auld fouk seldom mak sic blunders.
 " Wiest Megg, I didna mean to vex ye; 245
 " Mayhaps, the sight of me affects ye.
 " Sae Gilbert I'll bid guid be wi' you—
 " Quo Gilbert let me never see you
 " Within my dore—Gae hugg your pelf,
 " Or court some dottard like yourself. 250

MEGG's heart was then as blyth and light
 As ever a bride's on bridal night;
 But ay she grat—nor wad she still,
 Till Gilbert said, " Ye's hae your will;

" Tak wha ye like, if 'tis your ruin, 255

" Mind, it's a browst of your ain browin.

JUST as he spake, John Smart came in,

" God sens! quo' he, why a' this din,

" What ails ye Megg, to sigh and sob?—

" Mayhaps the wobster's spoil'd your wob."—

Then Gilbert tald him a' the story, 261

Frae tap to tail—Quo John, " I'm sorry

" That ye fud be sae fain o' gear,

" To sell your dother like a mare.

" If I might be sae bauld's advise 265

" A man like you, baith auld and wise;

" Your dother ye fud gie to nane,

" Who wadna tak her gown-alane.

" Nor wad I hae their age unev'n,

" Can twenty 'gree with fifty seven? 270

- " Owr aft we see what weary lives
 " Are led, twiſh auld men and young wives;
 " For auld fouk bein mairly fretfu,
 " A' that's nae grave, to them ſeems hatefu;
 " Contrair to that, young things are wantin,
 " Their tongues ay gaen, their hearts ay pantin
 " For ſomething new—While theſe tak pleaſure
 " In naething earthly but their treaſure.
 " Nae ſeiner are they help'd to bed,
 " And a' the ſhankers larums laid, 280
 " Then dead aſleep—their grating ſnore
 " Bids waktiff wives their fate deplore.
 Quo Gilbert, " John ye ſpeak fu well,
 " I doubt ye're preachin for yourſe'.
 " Come tell me dame, wha 'tis ye loo?" 285
 Megg rubb'd her een, and ſaid, " It's he—

- " He's lood me lang, he loes me well;
 " We baith thought shame and durstna tell.
 " Gie me your blessin, keep your gear,
 " If I get him, I'll seek nae mair. 290
 " I'll work ungrudg'd frae morn till night,
 " And doe my best to keep things right,
 " But sic a carl I wadna wed,
 " Nae tho' he were in scarlet clad.
 " Alas! what's a' the warld to me, 295
 " Except I get the lad I loo?
 " With him I dinna fear its care,
 " We'll ane anither's sorrows share."

JOHN's heart bet fair the while, for fear
 He sud be cast for want of gear; 300
 But Gilbert, weighing the event,
 Said, " Childer if ye're baith content

- “ With ane anither, I’se no break ye ;
- “ God blefs ye baith, and happy make ye.”—
- “ CONTENT! quo John,—I canna speak—
- “ O me!—for joy my heart will break”— 306
- “ THEN tak her John, and wi’ her a’
- “ My guid’s and gear, baith great and sma’.
- “ If she be haf as guid’s her mither,
- “ Ye’ll baith be blest in ane anither. 310
- “ Ay John, she was as guid a wife
- “ As ever blest a poer man’s life:
- “ She didna waste what I had won!—
- “ Na, ev’ry year the wobs she spun,
- “ Near paid the laird—On her death-bed, 315
- “ She laid her hand on Meggy’s head ;
- “ And said, my chiel I’m gaen to die,
- “ Alas my heart! to part with thee ;

- " Fear God ; and thou needst fear nae ill ;
 " Thy father love, and doe his will. 320
 " If ever thou lead'st a married life,
 " Be an obedient kindly wife,
 " Nor gie ill words, to kindle strife. }
 " Let nought but death your love divide—
 " Sein after, 'las my fell she died!"—— 325
 The auld man sigh'd and ended here,
 And frae ilk eye he drapt a tear.
 Quo John, " May God be your reward,
 " 'Cause to our love ye've had regard ;
 " I have nae ither way to pay ye, 330
 " But ay to honour and obey ye,
 " And that I'll doe, wi' hand and heart,
 " As lang's I live ; and guid my part.

" And what I want in gear and filler,
 " Sall be made up in kindness till 'er. 335

" THANKS, gracious pow'rs!—ye've heard
 my pray'r,

" Put up sae aft, baith late and air,

" To grant me Meggy for my wife—

" Come to me dearer than my life!"—

Then in his arms he caught, and prest 'er 340

Cloose to his beatin heart, and kist 'er.

Nane can conceive the joy they tasted,

While mutual embraces lasted;

Their very fauls each other kist

Ne're pair were happier since the first. 345

GILBERT the tender scene beheld,

With eyes that tears of joy had fill'd;

Those happy days it brought to mind,

When he was young, and Jannet kind;

When he was fond, and she was fair, 350

And love took off the edge of care.

THEN thus—" My childer, human life,

" Made up of pleasures, cares, and strife,

" The same appearance keeps not long;

" What now seems right, seem'd lately wrong;

" The view of all your wishes crown'd, 356

" Has ev'ry boist'rous passion drown'd,

" But trust me, time will make them rise,

" Then learn to rule them, and be wise.

" In friendship live, tho' fondness cease, 360

" And trust to prudence for your peace;

" To peace let all your wishes tend,

" For both through frailty must offend.

" Believe experience, perfect bliss

" Exists not in a world like this; 365

“ Thus think—nor blame the heav’nly pow’rs;

“ The lot of mortals must be yours.”

WITH rev’rend awe, th’ advice was taken,
Tho’ both believ’d the man mistaken:

They could not think that time or chance, 370

Their bliss could lessen or enhance.

A FEW weeks after they were wed,

And happy was the life they led;

His constant care was how to please’er,

No toil he counted hard, cou’d ease’er; 375

They both with emulation strove,

Who most shou’d serve and dearest love.

Kind heav’n to heighten all their joys,

In seven years, sent seven boys.

Auld Gilbert liv’d till aughty seven, 380

Then slept on earth, to wake in heav’n.

F I N I S.

A

G L O S S R R Y, &c.

A

A *E* one
Afouth plenty, many
Anither another
Aft often
Anes once
Aboon above
Ain own
Auld old
A' all
Afore before, rather than
Aughty eighty

Bra well drest
Bony beautiful
Bairn child
Baith both
Blyth gay, merry
Bicker a large wooden
 dish or bowl
Bent bowed down
Bear barley
Be my contens upon my
 credit
Bat but
Borrowstowns burrough
 towns

B.

Bleeding letting blood
Ben, to be far ben, to be
 much in favour with
 one
To come ben, to come from
 one end of a farm
 house to another. In
 low farm houses of two
 rooms, the one is called
 the *But*, and the other
 the *Ben*, tho' for what
 reason I know not
Blythsome chearful, merry

Brewin brewing
Browst the quantity of
 malt one brews at a time
A browst of your ain
brewin, an affair of your
 own seeking
Bauld bold
Blessin blessing
Bleed blood

C

Clais cloaths
Carl a sulky old fellow
Cbilder children

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

Gbiel child
Glaithing cloathing
Cheatin false
Chap a fellow, commonly
 spoke of a fly one
Canna cannot
'Cause because

D.

Deemt reckoned
Double blue dark blue
Doe do
Daft fond, or anxious
Dorty peevish
Dotther daughter
Dinna do not
Drapt dropt
Dore door
Drew his pass gave up
 the pursuit

E.

Een eyes

F.

Fafe false
Fu full
Frae from
Fan when
Frae tap to tae from head
 to foot
Feel fool

Fu fair very much
Fell-well very well
Flyt your fill Scold as
 much or as long as you
 please
Frae tap to tail from first
 to last.
Fain very anxious
Fouk folk
Fretfu fretful
Farer further

G.

Gie give
Guid good
Gear goods or effects
Gardy chair a corner, or
 armed chair
Grafe a grave
Gaen going
Gae go, be gone!
Greet cry, or weep
Gown-alane with her
 gown only

H.

Hunder hundred
His name be prais'd God's
 name be prais'd
Hame home
Had hold
Hen-rooft a bench or shelf
 in the meaner kind of

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

farm houses, on which
the poultry sit in the
night time

Heigh high
Heir me succeed to my
estate or effects
Hae have
Haf half
Hog a young sheep

I.

I' in
Ise gar I shall cause
Itther other
Ise na break ye I shall not
disappoint you

K.

Kirk church
Kentna knew not
Kens knows

L.

Langeft longest
Lift the firmament
Lavrocks larks
Lap on got on horse back
Loo love
Loons knaves
Lassie girl
Lat let

Larum a cant word for
the tongue of a talka-
tive woman

Lang long
Laird lord of the manor
'Las alas
'Las my fell woes me,

M.

Marks the plural of *mark*,
a Scottish silver coin,
now not in use, value
one shilling one penny,
and one third of a pen-
ny Sterling

Meggy Peggy
Mair more
Mak make
Mither mother
Maißt almost
Muir moor
Mess John a common e-
pithet for the minister
of a parish

Maißt had almost
Muckle much
March aff be gone!
Maißtly for the most part

N.

Nane none
Nae no

A GLOSSARY, &c.

Niest next

Nig-naes trifles, trinkets

Naething nothing

Na not

O.

O me! O dear!

Ony any

Owr aft too often

Owr over

P.

Pow'rsfu powerful

Pantry a room in a farm house

Plenish'd furnished

Pate Peter

Pleugh plough

Pantin panting

Preachin for your sell
speaking indirectly in
your own favour

Poor poor

R.

Ready a cant word for
money

Reed-day Rood-day, or
the beginning of the
Summer quarter.

Rue repent

S.

Simmer Summer

Sae so

Sangs songs

Sall shall

Sic such

Site suit

Shouder shoulder

Sicker sure

Split new just made, un-
wore

Sair fore

Sheen shoes

Sob'd sigh'd

Speer'd enquired

Sanna buckle shall not be
connected

Sen's save us

Sud should

Seiner sooner

Shankers girls who knit
stockings

Snore to snore is to make
a hoarse disagreeable
noise through one's
nostrils when sleeping

Sma small

Sein soon

Siller money

Sauls souls

Sob'd and grat sigh'd and
wept

A GLOSSARY, &c.

T.

Twa two
Tak take
Troth truth
Tald told
Twish betwixt

U.

Unev'n unequal

W.

Waefu sorrowful
Wha who
Winna will not
Wob web



Wobster weaver
Wadna would not
Watchfu watchful
Wad would
Warm and wealthy in
 good circumstances
Wae wo
Wiest be quiet
Weary wretched
Wantin merry, chearful,
 tho' sometimes taken
 in an ill sense
Warld world
Wi' with
Wakriff wakeful

Y.

Youl Christmas

in

al,
en